The master of the hut then addresses the stranger, and in the hollow ventriloqual tones peculiar to the Ticunas, asks, "Who are you?—Where do you come from?—Are you friend or foe?—What brings you here?" The stranger satisfies these inquiries one after the other; or, more frequently, his visit having only a commercial aim, is content to answer by exhibiting the articles he brings, and which he desires to exchange for the products of Ticuna industry. The arms are then cast aside, in order to discuss the value of the goods offered and those wanted; it will be readily understood that the discussion is intermingled with numerous requisitions on the caisuma. The articles of Ticuna industry consist of yucca-flour, blowing-pipes, hammocks, hunting-poison, and coarse cotton goods.

Some young girls with short-cut hair whom we had noticed among the Ticunas led us for a moment to believe that they shared the custom of cropping with the Yahuas; but the information we obtained on this subject disabused us of the notion. The cropped pate of these young girls was only the visible sign of their having attained the age of puberty, and was the complement of the mysterious practice which the tribes of the Plain of Sacramento, and notably the Conibos, call *Schébianabiqui*. The Ticunas name it *Ihiéboah*, an expression which is less humorous than the other, and which may be translated "young girl," from *ihié*, woman, and *boah*, child.

After translating the word, it remains to describe the custom itself.

When the matrons find that a female child has attained puberty, they take possession of the young girl, conduct her in a procession to a hut built in a lonely place for the purpose, shut her up in it after providing some food and a vessel of water, and then leave her for forty-eight hours, the victim of *ennui* or her reflections. At the expiration of this time the matrons come to deliver their prisoner; but before giving her complete liberty, they rub her head with the milky juice of a *ficus*, which instantaneously coagulates, and forms, under the rotatory motion of the palms of their hands, a multitude of little balls, within which is entangled the hair of the young girl. These little balls, which the matrons snatch away one by one for amusement, tear away the hair with them, and make the patient scream with pain; two musicians, with their backs to the entrance of the hut, play an accompaniment to this proceeding on the flageolet and tambourine.

When the head of the victim has been thus completely stripped, the women cover it with a hood of yellow feathers, the shape of which reminds one of a species of toadstool (*Boletus*); in the centre of this is fixed a plume of feathers from the tail of the ara. Thus accoutred, the young girl, frightened and crying, is first led round the village, and then conducted in succession to the river-side and the forest, continually followed by the matrons, who whip her roughly with green boughs in order to harden her against the trouble to come.

After several hours of wandering in this manner, and an indefinite number of draughts of caisuma which the young girl is forced to drink, they introduce her into a hut where a new hammock has been slung for the purpose. Utterly broken down with fatigue, drunkenness, and the switchings so unsparingly administered, she tumbles into the swinging net and immediately falls into a profound sleep. In the meantime, the assembled nation celebrates, with games and a remarkable consumption

of fermented liquor, the Ihiéboah fete.